CH. JUST. I would, his majesty had call'd me
with him:
The service that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all injuries.
WAR. Indeed, I think, the young king loves you
not.
CH. JUST. I know, he doth not; and do arm
myself.
To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon
i^ie
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and Others.

WAR. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!
CH. JUST. Alas, I fear, all will be overturn'd.
P. JOHN. Good morrow, cousin Warwick.
E HUMPH. CLA. Good morrow, cousin.
P. JOHN. We meet like men that had forgot to
speak.
WAR. We do remember; but our argument
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.
P. JOHN. Well, peace be with him that hath made
us heavy!
CH. JUST. Peace be with us, least we be heavier!
P. HUMPH. O, good my lord, you have lost a
friend, indeed:
And I dare swear, you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.
P. JOHN. Though no man be assur'd what grace
to find,
You stand in coldest expectation :
I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.